

THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

of my journeys, from persons
ranging from
Draga of Servia to Bernard Shaw,
from Prince
Kropotkin to Liane de Pougy. Do not
start.

Remember that the wisest of the
Greeks,

moving amidst a general corruption
of which
we in modern London only hint with
bated
breath, shows us that grand example
of taking
each man and woman as *they are*.

Queen, courtesan, man of the
hour, exile
prince, each and sundry met in the
course of
my treks has taught me some lesson
as varied
as the lands through which I have
passed.

Passing, passing—ah ! Whither ?

Why ?

Does the heart know why ? Can the Soul say
where ?

I pass, but I pause to catch every cry,

To watch every face, be it foul or fair.

I must hear all the notes of the nightingales—

Do they sing to a God or to graven things—

And not till the last faint flute-note fall

Will I stay my flight, will I fold my wings.

But all have led home to
Hindustan.

An eminent surgeon, In his
charming and
observing book upon India has
written of
" the strange mystery, a mystery
that is per-
haps for ever unfathomable by the
Western
mind, broods over the Empire.
Thoughtful
travellers are conscious of It, but

they can
only touch the fringe. Only those
very

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closely